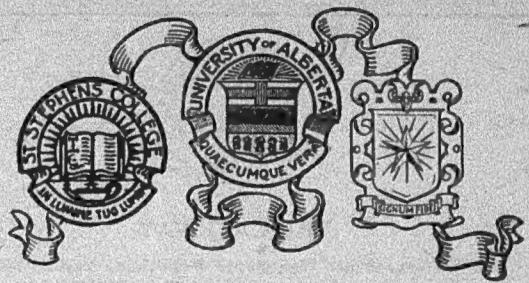


The Gateway



VOL. XX, No. 3.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1929

SIX PAGES

New Substance in Blood Discovered by Biochem. Head

Professor Geo. Hunter, of Biochemistry Department, Engaged in Interesting Research Work—Discoveries May be Valuable to Medical Science

The famous work of Dr. J. B. Collip, co-discoverer of insulin and former head of the department of biochemistry, promises to be augmented by the discoveries of Prof. Geo. Hunter, new head of this department.

Prof. Hunter, M.A., and B.Sc., of Glasgow, was engaged for seven years in research work at the University of Toronto, where he was assistant professor in the department of pathological chemistry. While in Toronto, his attention was called to certain similarities between the content of human blood and that of the rabbit. Dr. Bulmer, of Toronto, who had pointed out the similarities, declared that rabbit blood contained as much uric acid as human blood. Since only man and certain higher apes were known to have uric acid in the blood, Prof. Hunter suspected a new substance to be common to human and rabbit blood, the uric acid diagnosis being rejected as due to possible error in Dr. Bulmer's uric acid estimation.

The suspected new substance, with the aid of Dr. Blythe Eagles, of British Columbia, was discovered in apparently all mammalian blood. The

substance was termed "Substance X." Dr. Eagles then discovered records of similar experiments in a French scientific journal, considerably adding to the case in distinguishing uric acid and the new substance.

In a few months two substances had been isolated. One of these, in a high degree of purity, was found to be glutathione, which has also been isolated from yeast. The crystalline substance, which was still called "Substance X," was later identified at Yale by Dr. Eagles and Dr. Treat Johnson as ergothioneine, which had been discovered in ergot in 1909 by a Frenchman.

Professor Meudel, great authority on such matters, suggested to Dr. Eagles that perhaps the presence of the new substances was due to the kind of food consumed. The feeding of animal and vegetable protein to animals proved this to be the case. Ergothioneine appeared in the blood of the animal which had been fed with plant protein, while the animal protein was unproductive of this result in the case of another like animal. Thus a new substance in plant protein has been brought to light. It is thought that this substance may enter the body as thiohistidine, which is toxic to the animal organism. It is then "methylated" by the organism and stored in the red blood cells as ergothioneine until convenient to be disposed of.

The new substances are interesting because of their sulphur content. This content has enhanced the importance of sulphur in biochemistry, and Professor Hunter's research will consist in study of pathological bloods and the behavior of glutathione under clinical conditions.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY

The Chemical Society announces that the meeting planned for Wednesday, October 23, has been postponed. Regular meetings of the Society will begin on October 30. Members are requested to keep this date in mind.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL MEETING, OCT 15

(a) Call to Order.

The Students' Council met in Arts 135 at 7:30, October 15th. President Cameron in the chair.

(b) Minutes.

Motion: That the minutes be adopted as read. Moved by Miss M. Lehmann, seconded by J. S. Neil. Carried.

(c) Business Arising out of Minutes.

1. Motion: That the Secretary be instructed to send a letter by registered mail to Mr. Stan Barker refusing him permission to use in any way the name of the Students' Union or any of its subsidiary organizations. Moved by F. Werthenbach, seconded by J. McLurg. Carried.

2. Motion: That the Council make a recommendation to Dr. McEachran, Provost of the University, that the University authorities refuse permission to Mr. Stan Barker to sell any of his goods on University property. Moved by H. Morrison, seconded by Miss D. Sproule. Carried.

(d) New Business.

1. Motion: That the action of a minority of the Council re the tennis trip at its special meeting on October 10, be ratified. The decision reached was that the tennis team should not travel to Saskatoon in view of the financial situation of the Union. Moved by J. McLurg, seconded by H. Surplis. Carried.

2. Motion: That K. McShane be appointed Year Book Director for the session 1929-30. Moved by H. Surplis, seconded by H. Morrison. Carried.

3. Motion: That a Committee of the Council, the personnel of which is to be Miss Lehmann, Messrs. Cameron and Bowser, be appointed to act as an Advisory Committee to the Year Book Director. Moved by W. Hobbs, seconded by H. Morrison. Carried.

4. Motion: That H. Morrison be appointed to recover a Cheer Club sweater from Ian McDonald. Moved by F. Barclay, seconded by E. Bowser. Carried.

5. Motion: That the Boxing Club be given \$50.00 from the Budget, and that \$50.00 be set aside in a trust fund to aid towards building a ring, possibly next year. Moved by F. Werthenbach, seconded by Miss M. Lehmann. Carried.

6. The remainder of the evening was devoted to reconstructing the Budget estimates of the various clubs.

(e) Adjournment. The meeting adjourned at 1:35 a.m. Moved by Miss M. Lehmann, seconded by Miss K. Campbell. Carried.

DON CAMERON.

AL HARDING.

ADDITION TO BOOK STORE

Space Handicap Alleviated—
Result is Shorter "Bread
Line"

For several days strange sounds of sawing and of hammering have proceeded from the basement of the Arts building. "Aha!" thought we, "another Science lab," but as usual we were wrong. Investigation proved it to be merely a sizable addition to our University book store. Those who have spent long and weary hours in the "line" before obtaining the desired text-books will hail the news with rejoicing, and their belief in a Santa Claus will no doubt be strengthened. The addition is long overdue, for the book store has been seriously handicapped during the past few years by lack of space; it will relieve the congestion in the interior of the store, making it much easier to give efficient service. The large extension of window-space will be used almost entirely for display, and we may expect to see spread out before our admiring gaze great arrays of fountain pens, pins, pennants and other desirable trinkets which Charlie has hitherto kept in the dark and musty recesses of his sanctum. The total cost of the extension will be approximately three hundred dollars; but, of course, that is overbalanced by the great saving in car-fare which will result from the fact that co-eds will no longer have to go downtown to do their window-shopping.

PREMIERE REUNION CERCLE FRANCAIS

Monsieur Paul Jenvrin, consul de
France, donne une causerie sur
la vie de Jeanne d'Arc

Au début de la première réunion du Cercle français, qui eut lieu mercredi le 16 octobre, M. de Savoye a rappelé, en quelques mots, le souvenir de M. Pellet. Il parla des convictions philosophiques de l'ancien président du Cercle français. Pour lui, dit-il, la mort n'avait pas l'âme sombre, elle était diaphane; à travers ce phénomène il apercevait une nouvelle existence qu'il considérait de loin avec une expectative joyeuse. . . Après les premières attaques de sa maladie il s'apercevait que son organisme physique ne pouvait plus répondre à ses énergies intérieures et il se rendait compte que, pour recouvrer l'expression totale de ses énergies, il devait se libérer de son appareil physique; c'est pourquoi il désirait mourir. . .

D'après lui, la fonction unique de l'existence terrestre était d'être un champ d'expérience pour le perfectionnement du moi intérieur. Il avait ainsi atteint le sommet de la pensée humaine. Il avait réalisé en idée au moins, l'union du transitoire et de l'éternel; il savait qu'il n'avait pas encore réalisé cette union en fait, mais il est parti avec la certitude de l'accomplir quelque jour dans le futur.

Trois étudiants Mlle Nona Nichols, Mlle Maude Riley et M. R. W. Hamilton ont ensuite récité des fables de La Fontaine.

M. Jenvrin, le conférencier de l'occasion, nous donna enfin une causerie sur la vie de Jeanne d'Arc. "Une page de l'histoire de France," récita qu'il commença avec la naissance de Jeanne d'Arc en 1412 et se termina avec la canonisation de la Pucelle d'Orléans après la grande guerre. M. Jenvrin passa en revue la vie de Jeanne d'Arc en la divisant en quatre étapes. D'abord le mystère de sa vocation: encore toute jeune, elle entendait des voix mystérieuses lui disant d'aller sauver la France, et il lui fallut surmonter de nombreuses difficultés avant de pouvoir gagner Charles VII. Puis le mystère de sa mission: placée à la tête d'une petite armée elle força les Anglais à lever le siège d'Orléans et remporta victoire sur victoire. Ensuite mystère de son abandon: la jalousie régna parmi ses capitaines, l'insubordination divisa son armée et elle fut trahie et livrée aux Bourguignons qui la vendirent aux Anglais. Enfin le mystère de sa mort: jugée par un tribunal de l'inquisition présidé par l'évêque de Beauvais, Pierre Cauchon, un ami des Anglais, elle fut condamnée comme hérétique et brûlée vive sur la place publique le 30 mai 1431. Ce récit de la vie de Jeanne d'Arc se termine cinq siècles plus tard lorsque la Pucelle d'Orléans est solennellement canonisée en 1920.

Les vifs applaudissements de l'auditoire témoignèrent suffisamment de l'intérêt des membres du Cercle à cette intéressante causerie.

CERCLE FRANCAIS 1929-1930 PROGRAM

Many Interesting Features Arranged for Coming Season

The program of the session for the Cercle Français has recently been completed as follows:

Le liaison dans le Canada, by Mr. Lionel Gibbs, M.L.A.; Le Cours Classique, by R. P. Routhier, O.M.I.; Un Coup d'oeil sur La Russie, by Miss K. Teskey; La Verendrye, by R. P. Picard, S.J.; Un séjour à Paris, by Miss M. B. Munroe; Un séjour au Côté de L'Or, by M. Marie Polet, consul de Belgique; Le Coeur de l'homme, by Dr. J. L. Petitclerc; Alpinisme, by Mrs. Charles Brine; Oxford, by M. Hector Allard and a concert of French vocal and instrumental music to terminate a year that gives every promise of being successful.

The officers of the club for the year are: Professor H. de Savoye, president; L. Maynard, Law '31, vice-president; Elsie P. Young, Arts '30, secretary; Lloyd Reynolds, Com. '30, treasurer; Mary Ross, Arts '30; tea committee.

MATH CLUB

The Math Club will hold its first meeting for 1929-30 in Room 339 Arts, on Tuesday, October 22nd, at 4:30 p.m.

Speakers: Dr. Sheldon and Mr. Cook.

Topic: "Present Day Tendencies in Secondary Mathematics."

Tea will be served between 4:30 and 5:00.

BROUGHT HOME BY THE GIRLS



THE RUTHERFORD TROPHY

Donated by William John Rutherford, Dean of the Faculty of Agriculture of the University of Saskatchewan, to the winning women's team at the Intercollegiate Track Meet, and won by the Alberta girls Saturday. This trophy is a new prize, open to competition this year for the first time. The girls of the track team knew nothing about it until told at the meeting in Saskatchewan. After the meet was over it was presented to them by Dr. Murray in the girls' residence in Saskatoon.

As shown in the cut, the trophy is a statue of the Goddess of Liberty holding aloft a laurel wreath. By a chain held loosely in the upraised hand hangs a leaf, inscribed with the name of the victors.

This is only the third year that women have taken part in track sports. The meet two years ago was won by Alberta, last year by Saskatchewan, and this year by Alberta. Since this is the first year the trophy has been donated, we have the honour of having the name of our University inscribed on the first leaf.

WAUNEITA RECEPTION

The Wauneita Reception to men students will be held in Athabasca Hall on Saturday, October 19, at 7:45 p.m.

Tickets are available to girls in the Upper Wauneita Rooms on Friday from 8:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.

The remaining tickets will be given to men students in the Arts Basement Saturday morning at 8:30.

The Wauneita Reception is an informal function. An introduction committee, consisting of L. Seistrup, Etta Rogers, Mary Ross, Anna Wilson and Ruth Brown, will act with the Wauneita Executive.

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POPULAR WEDDING IS SOLEMNIZED

Miss Kathleen Howes and Mr. Stanley Goddard, Cincinnati, Married at Christ Church

Yet another wedding was added to the U. of A. list last week, when Miss Kathleen Howes, daughter of Dean E. A. Howes, of the Department of Agriculture, became the bride of Mr. Stanley Goddard, of the Sun Life Insurance Company. This popular and beautiful marriage occurred on Tuesday evening, October 8, in Christ Church, Rev. Canon J. M. Comyn-Ching being in charge of the ceremonies.

The groom is well known in Edmonton, being the son of the late Mr. Cecil Goddard and Mrs. Goddard. Mr. Goddard and his bride were attended by the Misses Jessie Howes and Constance Macfarlane, bridesmaids, and Mr. Garth Goddard, best man. Mr. Fraser Goddard and Mr. T. L. Overing were the ushers.

Following the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Dean Howes on the University campus.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY MEETING

The first meeting of the Engineering Society will be held on Friday. In addition to tea and cake—both well known engineering delicacies—a very good program has been arranged for the meeting.

Dean Wilson will address the meeting. Professor Cornish, the Honorary President, will also speak.

Freshmen students of the First and Second years are particularly requested to come out to the meeting and get acquainted with the Society. Those members of the First year are also advised to look around and select any likely candidates for the office of First Year representative in the Society. The elections for this position will be held at the meeting.

All students of the faculty who are desirous of getting into any of the various teams which the Engineers are entering in interfaculty sports, are asked to get in touch with Norris Fink for rugby and Joe Morris for soccer. You'll find their names in the little Handbook.

SENIOR CLASS EXECUTIVE

Nominations are now open for the various executive offices of the Senior Class. The offices to be filled are: President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, four executive members, two of whom must not be graduating in the spring of 1930. Nominations for the four executive positions must specify which two nominees are non-graduating seniors.

Nominations may be left in the Students' Union office or handed to one of the following: Grace Dunlap, Dot Kerr, Bill Cutsungavich, Bill Parsons or Hugh Morrison.

Nominations will not be accepted after 5 p.m. Tuesday, October 22.

WAUNEITA SOCIETY PLANS LARGE HOP

A Pleasant Evening is Anticipated at Saturday's Reception Dance

The Wauneita Society is planning a delightful evening of dancing on Saturday, when Athabasca Hall will be the scene of the first event arranged by this society for the season. The Big Chief, Jean Black, and all her Tribe are full of plans to give everyone a real evening. Dot Kerr, Margaret Walton and Chris Winning are the decorators; and whispers of Indian Heads, shaded lights and a cosy lounge have been overheard. Liane Saucier and Dora Richardson are handling the programs, while Mary Ross, Anna Wilson, Etta Rogers and Dorothy Magoon, as Introduction Committee, are promising to see to any lonely males or females.

There can be no doubts of a good time, for looking back to the Wauneita Receptions of former years and remembering Athabasca Hall, bewitched by soft lights, and imagining the couples keeping time to the slow rhythm of the waltz or the peppy fox-trot, the realization comes that the Wauneita motto, "Each for All, and All for Each," is not a mere ornament, but a real thing.

Interesting Debate Opens University Students Forum

Resolution, "That Emotion Has Done More For the Good of the Human Race Than Has Reason," Draws Large Audience

The University Debating Society held its first debate of the year Thursday evening, in the men's common room. It took the form of a parliamentary discussion, on the resolution, "That emotion has done more for the good of the human race than has reason."

Miss Elsie Young, leader for the government, in witty and eloquent style, stated that in the history of mankind, spontaneous emotion accumulates through the ages, until it bursts in the expressions of some man. "Christianity is the greatest regenerating force in history. Stripped of the trappings that rationalists give it, it appears as a simple emotional appeal—the love of one another. It wasn't reason that sent Luther, or Loyola, out to the people, but a burning emotional consciousness."

"Science is unemotional, yet students seem to discover the romance that lurks in test tubes, the 'It' in a dynamo. Why do people devote their whole lives to science? Because they love their work—and this love is emotional."

"The French revolution was primarily an emotional one. Yet Voltaire and the philosophers had for 50 years been scattering their cold rational pamphlets among the people without any effect. It was the emotionalism of Rousseau that galvanized them into action, and the leader, Mirabeau, who has been described as a man 'to whom emotion appealed.' After his guiding hand was removed, the revolution ran amuck."

Everything most beautiful had root in emotional nature. Miss Young finished with the remark, "Emotion has given us the beautiful piece of sculpture, 'The Winged Mercury.' Reason has given us ventilation."

Eric Gibbs, the leader of the opposition, stated that the reason that Christianity had endured when the other mystic sects of the ages have passed, was that it was affected by the rational Greek metaphysics and ethical code. It was adopted by the emperors of Rome for political, not emotional reasons. The emotional part of Christianity is transitory, it is the reasonable part that remains.

As far as the question of the emotionalism of the French revolution went, Mr. Gibbs pointed out, that in spite of the fact that the pamphlets of Voltaire had been suggested as unimportant, yet Voltaire was feared by every monarch of Europe, and was called "King Voltaire." When Rousseau touched off the spark, it was the emotionally over-developed people

that caused the carnage. Reason accounts for what was really valuable in the revolution—the amelioration of institutions, the metric system. The English tackle their government by evolution. Here, reason justifies itself.

On the question of art, classic art is not emotional. In Hellenistic times, when the Greeks became emotional, they went rapidly downgraded. The industrial revolution may have been the result of infatuated scientists, seeking the "it" in dynamo, but probably it was the result of a demand for simpler methods, and for the making of money.

Miss Leyda Seistrup pointed out that it is emotion that causes a man to marry, not reason, and that for emotional motives he earns the bread and butter of the family.

Mr. Maynard spoke for the government, pointing out that the good-will trips of Lindberghs have created better feelings between the nations.

Members of the meeting who spoke on some point in favor of the opposition were Messrs. Pete Tingle, Lynch-Staunton and George Hamilton.

A remark was made on the question of prohibition. One speaker asked: "Were all reasonable people in the United States asleep when prohibition was passed?" A voice from the head table replied, "They were probably drunk."

Miss Young then made her rebuttal. One of the opposition speakers had said that it is reason that directs the footsteps of men in the places they go. "But just look at the places they go," pointed out Miss Young, with a touch of sarcasm. Furthermore, emotional reasons caused both the Puritan revolution and the revolution of 1688—and this from the so-called phlegmatic English.

By a vote of the house, the decision was given to the opposition, and the cause of emotion defeated.

Winslow Hamilton was the speaker of the house. R. V. Clark was elected as speaker for the next meeting, and the subject to be discussed was picked. It is "Resolved that there is such a thing as progress in human affairs."

UNIVERSITY SERVICE

Announcement is made that the next University service will be held in Convocation Hall on Sunday, November 3.

R.C.A.F. FLYING SCHOOL RESULTS

Four Members Alberta C.O.T.C. Are Successful at Camp Borden

Four University of Alberta members of the C.O.T.C. were successful in taking, second, third, fourth, and fifth places in the 1929 R.C.A.F. examinations held at Camp Borden. The successful Alberta candidates, in a class of forty-two, are:

J. E. Cook, P. Pilot Officer. Qualified for "pilot's wings," taking second place.

R. C. Mair, P. Pilot Officer. Qualified for wings. Mair is Assistant Adjutant of the U. of A. contingent of the C.O.T.C.

D. J. Driscoll, P. Pilot Officer. Driscoll attended the camp for the first time, three years in all being required, and was recommended for next year's instruction.

M. P. Boyle, first year student at the camp, was also recommended for next year's session.

Col. F. A. Stewart Dunn, O.C. of the Alberta contingent of the C.O.T.C., is justly proud of the showing made by these men. The rules for entrance to camp Borden are strict, applicants being Applied Science students under 21 years of age and being required to pass a medical examination.

Congratulations are due Col. Dunn for the success of his men.

MUSEUM OF ARTS OPENS EXHIBITION

Dr. R. C. Wallace Officiates at Opening of Autumn Display

On Monday evening Dr. R. C. Wallace, president of the University, officiated at the annual opening of the Edmonton Museum of Arts exhibition. This exhibition is yearly becoming of increasing interest to visitors, and some really fine work is on display.

Dr. Wallace indicated the necessity for understanding something of Nature's beauty if the finer arts are to be properly appreciated. Material things are apt to receive more than their share of attention in the rush for financial independence, and this tendency should be counteracted by The Museum of Arts is an excellent cultivation of interest in the arts, medium for the spread of culture.

A fine contribution to the exhibition was the loan of some particularly beautiful paintings from the collection of the late John McDougall.

Did You See?

Ken Thompson inventing rules at an interfaculty rugby game; Fred Hess disagreeing with him; Bill Hole seeking intelligence in Drawing A; Olive Oke appearing blasé in the presence of some Freshmen; Jack McLurg wandering in the mazes of finance; Percy Field and his cohorts playing leap-frog in front of the Tuck; Helen Hollands at the House Dance; Hugh Morrison in his official capacity in Eng. 2; Ruth Robertson looking very business-like; Jim Hunter combing his erstwhile curly locks; Walter Anderson enjoying a thrilling game of bridge at the Tuck; Gwen Mullet casting an eagle eye over the notice boards; N. D. McLean rediscovering the law of gravity in Chem 1 lab; Fred Emmet as third Assistant Vice-Admiral in the O.T.C.; Eric O'Brien playing checkers in the Tuck.



THE GATEWAY

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BEHIND OPEN DOORS

A motion passed at the last meeting but two of the Students' Council provides for the notification to the student body as a whole, through the bulletin boards and the columns of The Gateway, of the Council meetings to be held, and the invitation to all students interested to attend these meetings, as spectators. Whether or not such notices as specified appeared, before the meeting of Thursday, Oct. 10, among the heterogeneous mass of scattered and tattered Wan Tads that adorn our bulletin boards, no one not anxious to obtain a severe headache and serious eye-strain would trouble to ascertain. Certainly no notice appeared among the multigenerous collection of unconnected and disconnected items that make up the columns of The Gateway, with the exception of that which occurs, accidentally, as it were, in the minutes of the meeting in which the resolution was made.

This, however, is apparently a mere oversight. There is no doubt of the sincerity of the Council in desiring to keep the students whom they represent in contact with the problems with which they deal. And of the wisdom of this there is no question.

Our new system of government—a year ago it was quite unknown to the average student—planned, suggested, and sponsored by those most fitted for the task of rearrangement, is still a new system, still an untried system. It is this year specifically on trial.

The old system did not work. Effective as it may have been when the closer unity of smaller numbers procured the keen interest of all the members of the Union in its organization, the diversity of interests which came with the increase in size of the university drew attention away to other fields. It was therefore replaced by a system intended to operate on the minimum of general interest, if necessary. But it must not be forgotten that no system of democratic government—of which we have here one of the many types—can operate long effectively without the full interest of those whom it governs. Particularly is this true where the governed body may, as ours, be considered extremely enlightened.

It is not enough that we go once a year to the polling-booths and there elect those whom we intend to do our work for us. It is necessary also that in all their following activities in our behalf they have our interest, our encouragement, and, where necessary, our criticism. For which reason we consider Motion 6, passed in the meeting of the Students' Council held on October 7th, to be one of the wisest yet resolved upon by this Council.

"WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM?"

The trouble with co-eds, said the nondescript Mugwump in an early issue, is that they do not act themselves—the real, sophisticated article he was speaking of, who has been here more than three months. The Editor chuckled as he read these words, anticipating a full and interesting correspondence column in the succeeding issue. As our readers know, he got it; but it was not the virulence of Mugwump that brought indignant pens to the defence of a malignant cause. Of all those generally insulted by the designation of "Silly co-eds" not one raised her voice to deny the aspersion—we should say "lifted her pen"; for one whose reflections on the manners of women were last year prominent in our editorial columns lately made urgent request to insert a notice that E.M.J. and Mugwump are not different pseudonyms for the same writer—which causes us to believe that the feature in question must have given rise to much wordy violence.

Silence, accumulated wisdom says, is consent. Are we then to infer that co-eds do generally admit that they are sophisticated, and that they are proud of it, even though it does necessitate that they "play a losing game to the overtown stenographers?" We do not think so; we do not think, at least, that it is generally so: if it is, we must take as an exception that heart-rending sob heard last year, that voice of one crying in the wilderness, which concluded a distressing tale with the long-remembered period: "Before it is too late, we must just act as charmingly as we can, or we shall be lost until next year's Freshmen come in." (The Gateway, Vol. XIX, No. 14, Correspondence—Are They Getting Wise?)

Silence—accumulated wisdom must have made a slip—is contempt. Possibly that is the explanation of the lack of protest. Whether so or not, the fact remains that the braves of the Wauneitas have suffered direct defamation in writing, and in writing nothing for their defence has appeared—nothing in letters, nothing in articles, nothing even in this editorial—nothing by their own number, and nothing by those who have always posed as the defenders of their sex. Is scalp-hunting a past barbarity? Is chivalry an archaic refinement?

THE NEW SCHOOL OF EDUCATION

According to the report the newly-instituted school of education places the teaching profession on a par with the professions of law, medicine, and agriculture. There is, however, no such unit as a faculty of education, the new school being a part of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences.

That the importance of education as a profession should thus be given equal recognition with that of law, medicine, engineering and agriculture, is as it should be. For the successful assimilation in our civilization of those varied races which we grudgingly



Father: "As I passed the parlor door last night, I saw my daughter on your knee. Have you any explanation to offer?"

Sophomore: "Yes, sir; I got here before any of the other fellows."

Life
Dance
Glance
Ask her
Pastor
Twins
Dins.

Soph: "What are grape nuts?"

Fresh: "Guys that drink grape juice."

A widower ordered a headstone for his wife's grave, the inscription concluding, "Lord, she was thine." When it was finished, it was found that the stone-cutter didn't have room on the stone for the "e" in "thine."

Young Lady: "Percy says my mouth is the prettiest he has ever seen."

Young Man: "Indeed. Well, I'll put mine against it any time."

Murmured the spring wind with a sigh:

"I can no longer do it,
No longer lift the skirts knee high,
For fashion beats me to it."

Of course there are the Freshies who think that an ice-cream is what Eskimos eat on their bread.

Picketts was trying to explain the fury of hell at an S.C.M. meeting. "You've all seen molten iron running out from a furnace, haven't you?"

The students all replied that they had. "Well," continued Picketts, "that's what they use for ice-cream in the place I'm talking about."

Bill: "I wish I were a river."

Bob: "Why?"

Bill: "So I could follow my course without leaving my bed."

Registration Adviser: "And what is your religion?"

Freshette: "I would like to remain Presbyterian, if I could only spell it."

The Frenchman did not like the look of the barking dog baring his way.

"It's all right," said the host; "don't you know the proverb, 'Barking dogs never bite'?"

"Ah, yes," said the Frenchman, "I know ze proverb, you know ze proverb, but ze dog—does he know ze proverb?"

"May I hold your hand?"

"It isn't heavy. I can manage it, thank you."

Wives are divided into three classes—prizes, surprises and consolation prizes.

A bird is to be envied—it has only one bill to take care of.

The Co-ed's Who's Whose

If he kisses you on the forehead, it shows he admires your brains.

If he kisses you on the cheek, it shows that he is not afraid of lead poisoning.

If he kisses you on the chin, it shows an appreciation of something better.

If he kisses you on the lips, it shows good taste.

If he kisses you on the nose, it shows that he needs practice.

admit into our borders, education must be the chief factor. Trained teachers are therefore as necessary to the well-being of the state as trained lawyers, doctors, and farmers. While the normal school has been of great service in training men and women to teach the lower grades, it has not been fully adequate to the preparation of thoroughly competent high-school teachers. Among its limitations another very important one is that it has not, and can not have, the facilities for research in education, which, in this day and country, wherein and where methods of education are all on trial, is of prime importance. It is therefore not in any wise too early for the establishment of a teachers' school of a higher order—such as the newly-instituted School of Education is intended to be.

It is, however, in some ways to be regretted that the already too comprehensive Faculty of Arts and Sciences should be expanded to embrace the teaching of this profession. It is indeed true, as stated in the Calendar, that: "From the time of the establishment of the earliest universities in the middle ages a large part of the functions of the Faculty of Arts has been the training of teachers to hand on to the rising generation the world's accumulating store of knowledge." But never before was education a business, as it is now; never before did any course destined to lead to a teaching career offer great practical value. It is true that many students taking the general Arts course have intended to employ the knowledge gained in it by teaching; it is true that most students taking the Honours courses in Arts have been influenced so to do by the possibilities of material profit resulting from such studies; but it is also true that many students, both pass and honours, have studied, are studying, Arts for the love of arts. In the number of the former class the new School of Education will almost undoubtedly cause an increase, in that of the latter a corresponding decrease. But whether this change is desirable or otherwise is still one of the main problems of education. Certainly it can be said that if something is to be gained by the establishment of a School of Education in the Faculty of Arts and Sciences not a little is to be lost by this action.



University of Alberta.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—The recent serious injury to one of the best known University athletes when playing inter-faculty rugby is an incident which demands investigation. Just what is happening in the playing of inter-faculty rugby? Every season the number of serious injuries which is occasioned in the inter-faculty rugby league is alarming. Especially is this so when a comparison is made with the casualties which result among the senior team. Of course, one must admit that the senior team undergoes a much longer period of intensive training than the inter-faculty players do before engaging in actual competition, but laying this consideration aside, I am of the opinion that the players in the junior league sustain too many injuries. Last year one of the inter-faculty players broke his leg while, as far as I remember, not one of the senior players suffered a serious fracture of any sort. And this is not as far as it goes. Although I am not able to produce statistics, I think that there were a great many more serious injuries in the inter-faculty league than there should have been. One of the regular players on last year's seniors voiced the opinion that he would play in senior company any day in preference to inter-faculty rugby.

Two inter-faculty games have been played at the time of writing. In the second game a player suffered severe head injuries. This disproportionate number of injuries may be due to either of two things: (1) inexperienced coaching, or (2) the lack of proper equipment. It seems to me that the chief reason for these injuries can likely be ascribed to the second item, namely, lack of proper equipment. Any man who has played the Canadian game knows that he must have a certain amount of protection before he can play the game properly; and anyone who watches an inter-faculty game can hardly fail to see that there is not enough equipment for the players. I am not trying to attach blame for the present situation to those managing the affairs of the inter-faculty league, but I do think that a large portion of the senior rugby surplus could be devoted toward the buying of equipment for those players whom we hope will, in part, compose the senior team of the next few years.

Yours truly,
H. W. MORRISON.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Through the courtesy of your pages, the British Welcome and Welfare League, Toronto, would like to broadcast a message to every Britisher in Canada.

Since 1907 our institution has been carrying on a great work—extending to deserving settlers from the British Isles a hearty welcome, temporary accommodation, and rendering such other help and advice as will enable them to become worthy citizens of Canada.

The League is a public, patriotic, philanthropic organization, carried on by public-spirited citizens, aided in a small degree by municipal, provincial and dominion authorities, but in the

main dependent upon public subscriptions for its maintenance.

In a few weeks our financial year will close, and we must set out to raise \$13,000 to carry on for the coming year. May we appeal most earnestly to all Britishers—particularly those hundred thousand newcomers who have been offered a welcome at our hands—to rally to our aid at this time.

Funds are urgently needed. From \$1 to \$1,000 subscriptions will be most gratefully received, and will be formally acknowledged by our treasurer.

Yours cordially,
ALBERT CHAMBERLAIN,
President.
British Welcome and Welfare League,
Toronto, Corner Gerrard and
Pembroke Sts., Toronto.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—What is the most important factor in the success of an educational institution? The question would be answered variously: number and quality of students, a clever staff, adequate equipment, good buildings. All of these may be mentioned as essential or desirable qualities—but none are the keys to success.

School Spirit—that is the answer. You may call it attitude. The kind of attitude which makes for willingness on the part of staff and

students to do things for the University without thought of self.

To those who were associated in any way with the University during last term, it was evident that we established the nucleus of a "School Spirit" of which we may all be proud. The life and development of that beginning largely depends upon the alumni and student body of this institution. Let our University be the most potent influence in rural and urban betterment. It can and will be if students get the right ideas and ideals. Use our University for everything you need in the way of cultural advice.

Yours sincerely,
PETER KEYSER, B.A.

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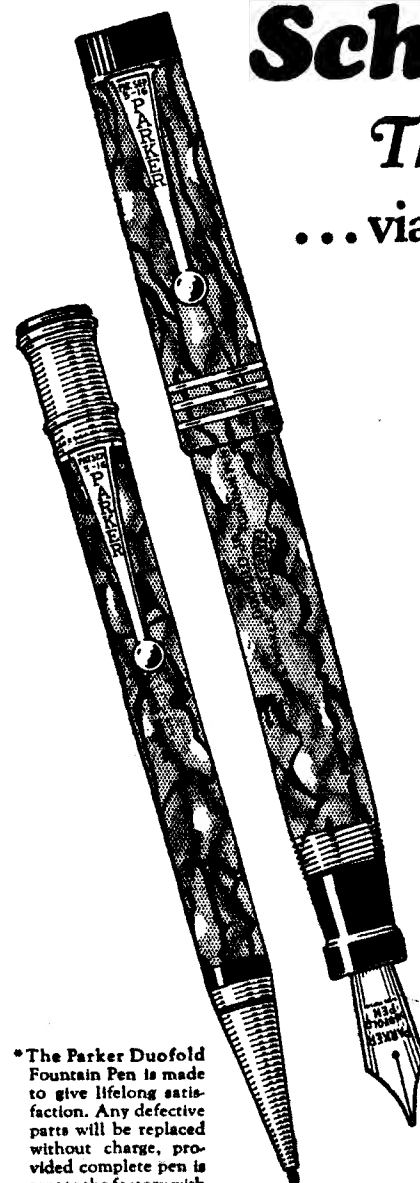
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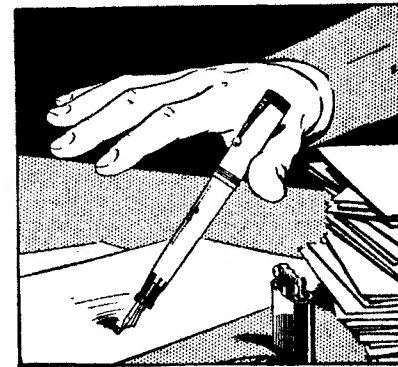
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Travelling in Imagination

By P.W.

The Traveller is possessed of a fever known as "the wanderlust." It comes as a call from afar, yet it is a curiously clear and insistent one. It is manifested to the extreme in those who strive to attain the horizon, that elusive line ever present yet never materializing. Unreasonably enough, the call comes to some who cannot answer; yet the craving must be satisfied, and the hunger for travel is somewhat appeased by devouring the experiences of others.

Introducing the Traveller

Let us suppose the Traveller to have "a lean and hungry look." His eyes are deep-set, yet piercing, his nose aquiline, cheeks cadaverous and chin prominent. In character it matters not whether he be pleasant or morose, talkative or taciturn, he must possess determination to the nth degree. The menacing murmur of sullen tribesmen, the veiled hostility of native guides, the apparently insurmountable obstacles of Nature herself must be as ciphers in his pathway. Surely the tale he has to tell will hold the reader spellbound and draw him in fancy into the very heart of thrilling adventure.

Creating Atmosphere

Picture the author as the magic words flow from his pen. Do you see him wrapped in dreamy meditation, musing and writing by turns?

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The picture is ludicrous. Rather has he wisely created the true atmosphere of his tale. Round him are many trophies of the hunt. On the floor is cast in careless abandon the skin of a lordly lion, the fiery mane aglow from the single electric torch which throws all else in the room into sinister shadow. On the walls hang weapons of defence gathered from innumerable countries. And the writer! His haggard face and bristling hair alone show that he lives again the hairbreadth escapes of yesterday.

Travels in Imagination

Watch closely the would-be traveller as he reads. See the sudden light of apprehension in his eyes as—in imagination—he awakens to see the crouching leopard ready to spring. He reaches back with rigid fingers as he feels the prick of treacherous steel. A door, banging shut in the distant regions of the house, causes him to rise in alarm, only to continue the story with renewed absorption—after casting a hasty glance under the bed. So it goes until the narrative is concluded and his appetite is satiated—for a time at least.

The Meditative Reader

There is another type of "mental traveller." He who desires to meditate as he reads, that he may later philosophize for his friends, must read in a detached fashion. No stirring actions and blood-curdling deeds for him! He demands a book to fit his mood. Turn with him as he reads Robert Louis Stevenson's book, "Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes."

Le Monastier is a delightfully refreshing picture of a tiny mountain town in France—yet not too tiny to represent all four political factions. With a few flashes of the pen the reader is transported to strange lands—there is no upside-down feeling as is the case with "Abracadabra" and the Magic Carpet. Pen pictures of no ordinary charm abound throughout the story.

Not Forgetting Modestine

The genuine humour of the writer cannot help but strike a responsive chord. Modestine, the donkey, belies his name from start to finish. She is indeed a judge of men, and soon learns to know her master. No sensible donkey would increase her pace for such gentle persuasion! The

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hearty amusement of a burly peasant at Stevenson's pacific methods calls forth an answering peal of laughter.

A quaint picture is drawn of peasant life in southern France. Their eager, frank curiosity is not distasteful, but appears in the light of friendly interest. Every inhabitant of Le Monastier contributed reams of advice to Stevenson before his departure. The nature of the advice signifies nothing. What if each man was trying to profit himself a little by the way! Surely he was being a good fellow in return!

In the hamlet of Fouzilhic, a genial old man pointed out the road for the traveller. He required no pay other than a hearty shake of the hand. In Fouzilhic, however, it was a different tale. Night had fallen, and the occupants of the one hut came to examine the newcomer with a lantern. He wished to buy the services of a guide. He might as easily obtain tickets for grand opera there! In vain he promised payment—in advance if they wished. No man would go outside the door. The limit of conversation seemed to be, "Mais il fait noir!"

The Cheery Rustic Hospitality

The courtesy of inn-keepers was ever a revelation to Stevenson. The inn itself was usually a two-storey frame structure of very unpretentious appearance. The kitchen was a common room where cooking and eating went on side by side. There, too, the family would sleep at night. Even the pig and the chickens were given the freedom of the place, and made use of it accordingly. The food was usually poor and the wine worse, but that is soon forgotten, whereas the kindly consideration of the host remains always a warm memory.

Distant Fields Are Always Green
The story does not lack pathos. With a little elaboration Stevenson's

Songs of a Lover

No. 3—HOW BEAUTIFUL THOU WERT TO ME

I took thee in the moonlight walking,
I took thee by the singing sea;
Thy feet were merry with the yielding sand,
The winds thy tresses fann'd,
For rocks the pressure of thy hand—
And what had I of thee?

Enough—enough—love asks no more—
It was enough
That thou wert beautiful to me.

I took thee at the midday walking,
We roamed upon the billowed lea;
The fields to thee with joy their fragrance flung,
The birds in heaven hung,
The air was sweet, the grass was young—
And what had I for thee?
Enough—enough—love asks no more—
It was enough
That thou wert beautiful to me.

—YOUR ?

THE SOW'S EAR

A Column for the Consenscent

Saturday was a gala day in our house—quite! At mid-morning the whole house was plunged into a frenzy of jubilant excitement—the postman stopped and delivered a circular. Not that this was enough to raise the familiar blood-pressure or cause pulses to beat high with joy, but on the outside of the envelope was a direct message to the heart. Stamped right next to George's photo were the words "Observe Sunday." What a wealth of pious simplicity in those two words! For centuries they have been proclaimed with the same fervor, yet never have they before reached so many people as they do by this lowly medium. Inscribed on the outside of our correspondence for this month, the phrase shows us that mid the bustle and rush of our frenzied commerce there are yet worshipping souls who would remind us that Sunday is more than a day to sleep, to play golf, to cheat the neighbours at bridge; who would recall to our sordid dollar-ridden, pleasure-obsessed mentalities that there are finer things in life than a hole in one; that it profits not to hold a grand slam ever at a cent a point, if thereby the pews remain unpolished by our worshipping forms, if thereby the ushers roam listlessly from nave to transept and from transept to apse, their solemn patrol unaccompanied by the jovial ring of big nickels.

The denotation of these words provides no problem to the average thoughtful soul, but the connotation is, and always has been, a varied issue and a torment to the conscientious. We are besought to observe Sunday. Could we receive further instructions on our mail next month and during the months following, explaining more fully what steps we should take? As it is, I passed a sleepless night last night. My eyes could not close, my unusually active brain could not envelop itself in delicious oblivion, while my soul was confronted with this vital question. I have played golf and bridge on Sunday, I have even played softball on that day. It is true that I have made some effort to make that one day a little exclusive. I have always appeared newly shaven and attired in my finest raiment, yet surely the message contains more for me than that. To my Puritan ancestors the Sabbath was a stern solemn day, a day of prayer and mortification enlivened only by an occasional witch-burning. I can't possibly go back to that system, since ancestral zeal has caused the extinction of most of the witches, and anyway, barbecues are distinctly Babbitt. The Sow would appreciate suggestions on the function of how to observe Sunday, being somewhat at a loss himself. The howler, or derby, of course, adds a distinct Sabbatical effect to the attire, but has also become somewhat unfortunately associated with uncouth Saturday roisterings and the

APPRECIATED OR NOT

By Dulcy

The day was wet, the inn dreary and the only available reading material was the local newspaper. The small sheet of poorly typed matter scarcely deserved a name—but there it was with its political rumors, its advertisements and its society column. The traveller, bored beyond doubt, managed to read three-quarters of it before he fell asleep over the description of a wedding—and the paper slowly slipped from his hand. It remained forgotten, until someone picked it up from behind the chair to wrap some books in.

The books were packed and sent to another part of the country, where once again the newspaper was discarded—this time into the wastepaper basket. Surely the end was near!

Appreciated at Last!

But no! The charwoman, seeing the name, saved the paper, and for the first time in months read of doings at home. Did she go to sleep over it and did she detect the cheap ink which smeared at the touch? No, oh no! Her eyes sparkled in the keenest enjoyment as she read the

parting with Modestine would surely bring tears from a stone. As is always the case with that which has gone, only her virtues and the pleasant memory of companionship remain.

And so it is with the traveller who reads this type of story. There remain with him recollections of a pleasant life, far removed from his own, upon which he may meditate idly for many moons.

These, then, are the two types of imaginative travel. Choose well the one which suits the present mood, and you too may satisfy the wanderlust.

small town news—and the description of the much-despised wedding sent a glow to her cheeks. Why, she had known these people! This common newspaper, abhorrent to the traveller in that dingy inn, was worth gold to her.

But what has all this to do with you? Nothing—except that perhaps the very paper you throw about so carelessly, that you wrap your shoes in, or that you stuff into the corner of a packing case might be the messenger from home to some lonely individual.

Then Even The Gateway Will Be Read!

Or again—a few years hence when you have graduated and gone far off, some queer Fate may thrust a Gateway in your hands.

Probably you will pounce on it and devour the news. New names will stare at you, old offices will be filled by strangers; but you will learn whe-

AWAKENING

Now to my idle hands
A threat comes through—
There is a time for action, there remains
Much yet to do.

I must arise and go
Busied, at that and this
Lest in the work there be
Something I miss.

—O. R. W.

ther the Alma Mater has covered herself with glory on the rugby field, or in the research department. Then from the confused jumble of strange names an old familiar will stand out, and laying the paper aside you will say, "Remember when—"

The past life will come back in a rush, but will you realize how potent, how ruthless and how valuable the much-used newspaper is—until then?

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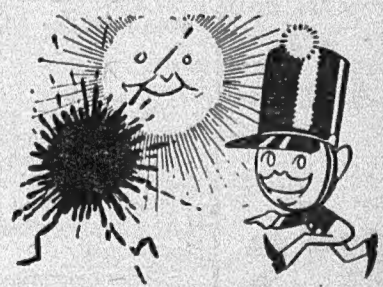
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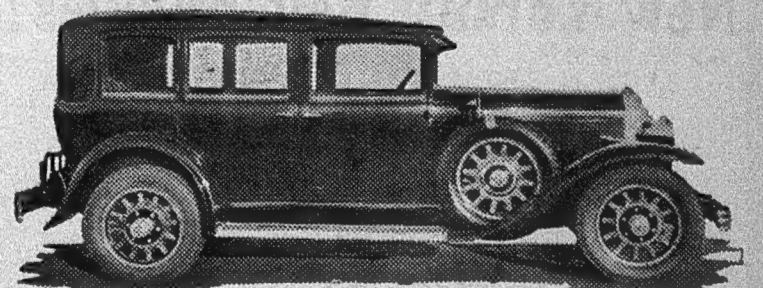
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FEATURE WRITER



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The refined author of the Sow's (pronounced "Souze") Ear. Should not be confused with Pig's Eye or any other part or portion of porcine anatomy. At time of photo the well-known moustache was A.W.O.L.



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MED-DENTS DROP GAME TO AG-SCIS

Ag-Scis Played Fine Rugby to Come Out on Top 10-0

The great has happened. Not only were the Med-Dent team beaten by the fast-stepping Ag-Sci aggregation, but what is more, they were beaten decisively—10-0 was the final score after a game battle all the way, with both teams playing a brand of rugby not often seen in interfaculty schedules.

From the outset the Science bunch used all their ingenuity, and showed the Med-Dents that here indeed was real opposition. In the early stages Herron went over for a touch, to put the Ag-Sci team five points to the good. Everybody waited for the Meds to get going, but every little play they started was nipped in the bud, and the "Aggies" showed that they were out for a win. The Med-Dent team were short one or two of their star players, but it is doubtful if they could have done any better with a regular squad, for there was no stopping the Science warriors.

Nice kicking by Austin resulted in several points when the Meds were forced into rouges. In the second frame the teams battled along on even terms, but perseverance finally overcame flesh and bone, and there was no holding the winners. Smith for the Science outfit did good work in the backfield, while Herron was just as effective as ever, when given a chance.

A feature of the game was a nifty forward pass by the Ag-Sci boys, but unfortunately there was an infringement of the rule, and play was called back. At that, it gave an insight into what could happen, and that's plenty!

From the play so far, the rugby being dished up by the lads is of a high calibre, and plenty of enthusiasm is paramount when two teams tangle. That's as it should be, and the season is yet young. Anything might happen, and it probably will.

Com-Pharm Lose to Med-Dents 25-0

Last Friday the Com-Pharm and Med-Dent teams clashed, with sad results for the former. The heavier

and steadier Med aggregation lived up to their terrible reputation, and slashed right and left, leaving big gaps in the enemy ranks. Within three minutes after play commenced, the Med-Dent team got their first touch, without any trouble at all. After that it was one touch after another.

Nevezis and Lopston were the big guns for the winners. The ease with which they plowed through the opposition was remarkable to see. An interesting feature of the game was an attempt on the part of the Med-Dents at a forward pass; the first to be pulled in interfaculty history. The pass itself was a failure, but the principle is good, and the team that can get away with it can pull themselves out of a hole in a jiffy, adding spice to the game, and always that added lustre of grim uncertainty.

For the Com-Pharm, Brooks was dependable in the backfield, especially on the defensive, when his tackling was of a high order. Butler was the pick of the line, the way he shook up some of the heavy opposition being a treat to watch, but hard on the said opposition. The game lost its interest for just a moment when two freshies on the Com-Pharm team met their heart-throbs on the sidelines, but half-times was called to save the day and give the boys a chance.

Although the Meds were hitting a fast clip, and we don't mean maybe, there are many who say it will be "just too bad" when they come up against stiffer opposition.

INTERFAC. SOCCER OPENS

Interfaculty soccer opened last Thursday in a match between the Engineers and the Aggies, when the latter team were beaten by a score of 1-0.

Play throughout the game was rather loose, showing rather a lack of combination, but for the first game the boys put up a promising show. The Science team seemed to have the best of the play, but neither goalkeeper was very busy owing to the vigorous clearing of the backs.

The one goal was scored early in the second half from a melée round the Agricultures' goal.

It is very encouraging to see that the students are showing a growing enthusiasm for this game.

Tennis Tournament Progressing Well

Many Close Matches in First Round—Several Surprises Sprung—Ladies' Events Keenly Contested

Favored by perfect weather, the tennis tournament is being run off according to schedule. There have been some close matches to date, but in the next few rounds the more interesting matches are expected to be seen.

Some surprises were sprung in the first round. Larry Tyner, of whom much was expected, failed to weather the first round. The winners of the first round include M. Halperin, Art McLennan, Jimmy Benson, W. Watts, K. Carruthers, D. Burke, Bert Cairns, P. Lemiski, Wes Bainbridge, Ted Manning, F. Davies, R. Cory, R. Pinkney, C. R. Dobson, G. Story, W. B. Tues, L. Wilson, O.

Holtz (S. Spooner, E. Vvarich, L. Reynolds, A. Thompson, Hugh Morton, A. R. O. McDonald, J. Cairns, K. A. Jackson).

Skitch and Pinkney have progressed to the second round. In the ladies' singles, Dorothy Brown and Vada McMahan are expected to show some class. Winners in the first round are Helen Mahaffy, Dorothy Reed, Evelyn Aiken, Margaret Richardson, Dorothy Brown, Kay Nash, Winogene Brandow, Frances Fisher, Vada McMahan and Jean Reed.

Priscilla Hammond has progressed to the third round.

During this week some interesting matches will be witnessed. If the weather man continues his excellent service we should see one of the most successful tournaments yet held.

SPORTING SLANTS

We lost the Cairns Trophy at Saskatoon. However, from all reports it was the most successful track meet yet held. It certainly was the best as far as close competition was concerned. All three teams tied, and only two events to be run. There must have been some excitement at Saskatoon Saturday afternoon.

Harold Wright certainly did himself proud. Twenty-three out of a total of 138 points. If you apply your calculus you will find that that makes exactly 1/6 of the day's points. Not so bad for one individual. Congratulations, Harold.

There still seems to be some misunderstanding about the relay race. However, our boys will make up for that when they relay the ball around the end on the rugby field on Saturday.

The girls' events at Saskatoon had a decided Alberta tinge. It is too bad the points they made can't be counted in calculating the Cairns trophy points. Our girls are going bigger and better than ever this year.

The rugby score on Saturday was a pleasant surprise to most of those who have followed the game this season. After the terrible beating handed the Eskimos by the Tigers, it was feared that our team might be trampled on in a like manner.

From the scores of the two inter-collegiate games already played things are going to be close when the averages are figured out at the end of the year. We should see some interesting rugby on the old grid if the weather man continues to be congenial. Let's all be there Saturday.

And while we are at the grid this time, let's all help the Freshmen with the yells. What say?

TENNIS CHAMPIONS PLAY 'SKATCHEWAN

Saskatchewan Sending Strong Team to Play Here Friday and Saturday

In conjunction with the Saskatchewan-Alberta rugby game on Saturday, Oct. 19, Saskatchewan is also sending their tennis team, a strong contingent of two lady and two gentlemen players. The personnel of their team is not yet definitely known, but may appear shortly before the matches on the athletic bulletin boards.

Alberta will provide strong opposition in the persons of Hugh Morton and Ted Manning, respectively winner and runner-up in the University singles championship last autumn, who will play the singles matches; in Hugh Morton and T. Wilson, a strong men's double combination, the latter player taking third place in last year's singles; and in Ted Manning and partner in mixed doubles.

Uncertainty exists yet in the choice of Alberta's lady representatives, but they will in all probability be picked from, or include all of, Misses Vada McMahon, Dorothy Brown and Helen Mahaffy. Miss MacMahan won the ladies' singles and mixed doubles titles last fall, while Misses Mahaffy and Brown are two new University players who are setting quite a pace, and have the goods.

Four matches will be played on Friday afternoon, Oct. 18, starting at 2 p.m., and three matches on Saturday morning, Oct. 19, starting at 10 a.m., in order not to interfere with the rugby game in the afternoon. The admission will be twenty-

SWIMMING CLUB

The first swim of the season will take place 8 p.m. Tuesday, Oct. 22. Membership tickets may be obtained from the following: Ted Baker, Ted Donald, Jack Duggan, Ruth Robertson, Kay McConkey, Aubrey McKowan, Walter Smith, F. J. Kennedy. A medical certificate from Dr. Gillispie is required of applicants for membership.

A coach will be in attendance to help those who wish to improve their swimming. Tuesday night at the Y.W.C.A. has been set aside for the Varsity Swimming Club for the rest of the season. Get in the swim!

FOR TAXI PHONE 4444

five cents for either the afternoon or the morning matches, or thirty-five cents for admission to both, as arranged at the time. The Pembina courts will be in excellent shape.

It is generally known that the Alberta tennis team greatly wished this year to return the trip to Saskatchewan made by their team here two years ago, but due to financial embarrassment, linked with set University rulings, they were unable to do so. The Saskatchewan Tennis Club has proved to a marked degree its fine spirit of good intercollegiate sportsmanship in taking the initiative and coming here the second time in succession, paying their own expenses entirely, with no trophies, etc., at stake. So it is earnestly requested that all tennis players and others interested in watching good tennis will turn out at the matches to help out Saskatchewan with the gate receipts as far as possible, as well as to give both aspirants a real helping hand.

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Romance Is Dead!

By Mugwump

"Romance is dead!" says Courtney Ryley Cooper in the October 1st issue of MacLean's Magazine. "It is a machine age, this age of ours. There is no more adventure, and Romance is dead!" Then he goes on to relate the blood-stirring story of Two Bits Cowan, the famous Canadian prospector who lost both of his legs through having them frozen when he was marooned in the Barren Lands between the Thelon and the Prince Rivers, and left to meet the onslaught of winter in the Canadian Arctic.

But there is no Romance! As this is being written, the greatest air hunt in history is being staged over thousands of square miles of territory upon which the foot of white man has never trod and under conditions that a few years, yes, months ago would have been considered impossible, for two monoplane which have apparently vanished from the face of the earth. The youthful pilot of one of these machines was, a few years ago, a student at our own University, is still well known to many of us, and only last winter picked up and drove the writer about the streets of Edmonton.

Yet Romance is a thing of the past! Last year another Edmonton pilot won the McKee Trophy for his outstanding performance in aviation. To this modest knight of the air, a trip from Edmonton to the shores of the Arctic over hundreds of miles of wilderness where the slightest mishap would prove disastrous is just part of the day's work. Even so, a few days ago he hopped off from Cooking Lake and within the space of a few short hours had not only

reached the advance bases of the vast aerial hunt now taking place in the Northern wilderness, but had made one of the greatest flights in the history of aviation over territory bordering the Arctic Ocean where the slightest slip or error in judgment might mean death. This flight has been likened to that of Lindbergh over the Atlantic to Europe.

Still, Romance is just a word in the Dictionary! One night at about three a.m., while on a steamer loaded with seventeen thousand tons of crude oil, and where the nearest land was the Gallapagos Islands in the Southern Pacific, the writer was awakened by blood-curdling threats against the ship's personnel being made by the Steward, whose cabin adjoined his own. The Steward had suddenly gone insane, and at this particular moment was engaged in the rather unusual pastime of trying to set the ship on fire! If he had not been rather rudely interrupted, these words would probably never have been written. A few months later another sailor, on the same vessel, went suddenly insane from the effects of the terrible heat encountered in the Caribbean Sea. His subsequent exploits need not be recorded here; for Romance went out with the buccaneers!

While anchored at Iquique, Chile, one of the crew, making whoopee in a gambling house ashore, was accused by a shipmate of cheating in a quiet and friendly game of poker. Being a true son of the sea, he resented this slur on his honour, so he promptly hit his accuser over the head with an empty beer bottle, knocked all the lights out with a chair, severely injured three more of the crew, smashed his way through a battalion of Iquiquian policemen, and made his escape unharmed.

On another occasion, the Second Mate of this ship, becoming annoyed because the crew refused to "turn

out" when ordered, stalked into the foc'stle and literally threw them out, one at a time, like so many sacks of potatoes. The net result was that several of them suffered broken ribs and had to be taken to a hospital. The rest went to work! A few weeks later this same Mate picked up the Steward (another one) and hurled him from the galley clean through the air where he landed in a heap against the starboard lifeboat.

It's a shame that Romance is dead! One dark and stormy night the Captain of this same ship tried to bribe the Third Mate to push the First Mate overboard for \$25.00. On another day this Captain dashed out on deck with a monkey wrench in one hand and a pistol in the other and threatened to exterminate various and sundry members of the crew unless they obeyed his orders.

The writer could go on indefinitely. He has seen men killed in drunken brawls in Mexico, and witnessed a revolution in South America. He has caught sharks in the southern seas and sailed through storms in the North Atlantic. He has worked and enjoyed life among scores of Central European immigrants on a railroad construction gang, and he has been an attendant in a lunatic asylum. He has been trapped in the gorge of a waterfall higher than Niagara, and was once caught in a storm at sea while in a sixteen-foot Peterborough canoe. Still, what is the use. Life is an awful bore, and Romance went out with the hoop skirt!

THE PRAIRIE FALL

I leave the coast-land's green and haze,
Where wooded mountains touch the seas
'Mid salt-damp air.

The smirch of night and sleep;
I wake to find myself in a strange land:
The Rockies clothed in new-born snow,
And splashed with evergreen and gold.
A few short hours hence
And then, the softness of the prairie fall!
The golden day;
The dying warmth;
A mellow and a gentle loveliness.
No more the background of the hills,
But only undulating plain,
And emptiness
With no kind mountains to the north.

But here the landscape blends with colour,
From gray-green down to reddest orange.
The sky is clear
So clear the colours stand sharp etched.
Then the caressing warmth declines;
Green and golds do fade in dusk,
Then blue-black night.
The stars appear without the moon;
And in the silence crystal clear and cool,
Glitter like diamond spray across the sky.
The evening winds wake up,
And in the dark,
The mournful rustling of the dying leaves
And restless sighs,
Creep through the night.
And then the morn,
Sharp, crisp, despite the ling'ring sun,
With sparkling frost upon the ground:
The air cuts keen;
The sun comes up,
Again,
The golden day;
The dying warmth;
And the soft whisper of the twilight breeze.

—H. W. M.

"Get Into the Crowd —and Stay There"

By the Professor

These being the days of enlightenment, it is customary for us to look back with contempt to the times when, so we are told, people were afraid to say or write what they thought—in other words, afraid to display individuality. And yet—have we great reason to show contempt for that fear? True, we may not be as hide-bound in our regard for conventions as the past generation, but is this slackened regard individualistic? It is not—it is a faddist characteristic which makes us wish to be like the other fellow—and not necessarily the best type of "other fellow." Be as like unto the herd as possible, agree with whatever a pseudo-superior tells you, hide your face when doom threatens—and exist a free thinker, cultured or otherwise, if you can!

Democracy supposedly makes you free, and gives you an equal chance with the rest for success. You soon find that the grind is hard when you try to formulate new opinions on any subject under the sun. No one will allow you to keep your opinion if at all possible to make you back down and accept the mob's idea (if any) on the subject. If wise, you will not surrender, but wait for a more favorable reception of your brain child; if weak-kneed, or in other words thoroughly steeped in democracy, you will forget it and relapse into a humdrum existence.

Have you read "John's Adventures in Education," an article written for the North American Review of September? Here is a shining example of what democracy can do for you.

John is described by his mother as "a normal, intelligent boy who wants to occupy his mind as well as his body." Even so, we must admit that John has had exceptional advantages. Educated in England, France and Italy, John is brought to the U.S.A. and is placed in what seems an ideal school for cultural development. He soon finds that he is thought "queer" by his schoolmates because his liking

Journalism as a Disease

There is a serious suspicion lurking in the back of my mind that our good editor-in-chief of The Gateway has become mentally diseased. As the editor-in-chief is practically a stranger to me, he is no doubt wondering how I get that way. To be quite candid, I am afflicted with the same disease as I suspect is torturing him, and as birds of a feather flock together it didn't take long to find out that he and I were in the same roost.

The disease whereof we speak, dear editor, is journalism—or would be journalism. I was first led to suspect your sad plight, regardless of what calling you aspire to enter in later life, when I read the editorial plea for a school of journalism for the University of Alberta. You, like so many other good men, have fallen under the evil spell of a monster which will haunt you all your days, and in the hereafter you will be court reporter at St. Peter's tribunal—or for Minos, the infernal judge.

Be that as it may, journalism is a mental disease, but a disease no one need be ashamed to admit inhabits his body. I well remember, as a printer's devil, hearing an old hand at the trade say: "Once a printer always a printer. No one who has ever smelled printer's ink or picked type lice is ever in his right environment unless he can hear a press rolling."

The aphorism is equally applicable to the calling of journalism. Journalism is a disease. It is a disease one can never rid one's self of. Persons who in early life have been cub reporters, often, in later years, turn to other spheres. Many do not go far afield, but become heads of newspapers, where they have nothing to do with journalism in its restricted terminology. Others may turn to fictional writing or its kindred pursuits. Newspapermen have been known to turn to scientific research, but they are still journalists—specialized journalists—for they write of that which interests them most. Every branch of human activity has its roll call of one-time journalists, who are interpreting their particular vocations. Always behind this host of men and women stands a figurative press.

There is a reason for this which is not hard to find. Journalism has a glamour, a romance and a magnetism which holds its disciples in a clutch which never weakens. Always there is something new, something challenging which lures them on. I have chosen to call journalism a disease; to be more explicit, it is a narcotic disease. When one is drugged by it the glamor and challenge is so evident. But there are times when such things are not apparent; constant activity, mental and physical, or both, at all hours of the day and night, brings a revulsion which makes journalism appear as a huge ogre. But invariably the drugging returns.

One of the great attractions of journalism is its continuous freshness. There is always something new and so many things which at the time seem so small and unimportant suddenly bulk large. I well remember my father, a newspaper editor, telling of a very small newspaper item which provided considerable excitement for a few minutes. A district correspondent, among the news items he contributed for publication, sent in an innocent tid-bit: "John Blank is busy hauling barley." Naturally, coming as it did from a farming district, it excited no comment. A few days later John Blank entered the newspaper office in a towering rage.

"What do you mean publishing that? I was hauling grain. Since your paper came out I've had every policeman in this province down on my farm looking for a still." (This was in prohibition days.) The battle was on, and after being politely informed that in the editor's opinion he showed from his actions that he was really a bootlegger, the whole affair reached the point where he was twice ordered from the office, which order he refused to accept. When he attempted to muss things up a bit (which he could have done quite nicely, being large of stature against the rather small editor), he was quickly enough evicted before a brandished poker. Newspaper men are great believers in the large-oaks-from-little-acorns adage.

In this new, western country, young as we are, has developed a

is for books, real music, and beautiful paintings. He is not a bookworm; he excels in athletics, but still can make no friends. Finally he decides that he can't stand the atmosphere of "automobiles, clothes, athletics, good times, jazz, cheap stories," and asks to be withdrawn from the school.

The boy's mother approaches the Head of the school, but receives little sympathy from this gentleman, who evidently ranks as an ultra-modern. He tells her: "Your boy's got to get all these notions out of his head and get his feet on the ground. We're going to make a regular American boy out of him; a he-man is what you want, a mixer. There's no place for individualists at this school. They've all got to get into the crowd and stay there."

As John's mother says: "Are we to laugh or cry?" This being a democratic age, we should like to spank the Head and then hear what his view of the matter is.

Norman, Oklahoma. — Fifty-nine men students at University of Oklahoma have been suspended for hazing of freshmen. Members of two organizations known as the "Ruf-Neks" and "Jazz Hounds" held a "padding" initiation, as a result of which the organizations were abolished and several members suspended after a special meeting of the Board of Regents.

talents are shunning a natural calling either in journalism or the fictional world.

For this reason, the editorial in The Gateway of last issue was most timely. A school of journalism is needed in the West. There are several young men of my own acquaintance who wish to take this course who are contemplating going to the University of Washington for their training—and the odds are very great that they will stay in the United States. Although it will be true that numbers of students who might obtain in a Western Canada school of journalism will migrate, they will be carrying a Canadian training with them. Those who remain would help improve journalism in this country to the benefit of the whole population. The influence of the school, however, would go further than the students who attended it, for it would be a help to virtually every paper in the West.

The topic should not be allowed to stand with a mere editorial comment.

ALBERT DUNCAN.

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SPORTS



Saskatchewan Wins Track Honors in Thrilling Meet

Harold Wright and Ethel Barnett, Both of Alberta, Win Individual Championships—Score Tied Until Last Two Events

The tenth annual intercollegiate track meet was held at Saskatoon on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 12. The coveted Cairns trophy, emblematic of track honors, which was held last year by Alberta, went to Saskatchewan for the first time in history. Saskatchewan scored a total of 53 points, Alberta coming second with 43, and Manitoba third with 42.

The girls from the U. of A. carried off the girls' championship with a score of 34 points. Manitoba was second with 24, and Saskatchewan last with 5.

Harold Wright, Alberta's brilliant sprinter, was the individual champion of the meet in the men's division.

He scored 23 of his team's 43 points. In the running broad jump he set a new mark with a distance of 21 feet 4 1/2 inches. Ethel Barnett carried off the honors amongst the girls. She broke the record for the high jump and the 100 yard dash.

The meet was one of the most successful ever held. The score was tied up till the last two events, when Saskatchewan forged ahead.

The results of the meet were as follows:

Men's 120 yards hurdles—Lawson, Man.; Werthenbach, Alberta; Harvey, Sask.

Men's shot put—Festad, Man., 36 ft., 7 in.; Gratas, Sask.; Creasy, Man. 2:04 1-5; Maguire, Sask.; Little, Man.

Men's half mile—Duncan, Man., 22:1; Harvey, Sask.; Floyd, Man.

Men's discus throw—Gratas, Sask., 101ft. 6in.; Beveridge, Sask.; McLeod, Alberta.

Men's broad jump—Wright, Alberta, 21ft. 4 1/2 in.; Maguire, Sask.; Gerry, Man.

Girls' 60 yard dash—Maclean, Man., 7:3; Bain, Man.; Barnett, Alberta.

Girls' discus throw—Thorlakson, Man., 91ft. 3in.; Kopta, Alberta; Shaw, Man.

Girls' broad jump—McMahon, Alberta, 15ft. 6 1/2 in.; Barnett, Alberta; Wylie, Sask.

Men's 100 yard dash—Wright, Alberta, 10 2-5; Harvey, Sask.; Creasy, Man.

Men's mile—Duncan, Man., 4:45 1-5; McMahon, Sask.; McLeod, Alberta.

Girls' 100 yard dash—Barnett, Alberta, 12 1-5; McLaren, Man.; Bain, Man.

Men's high jump—Gerry, Man., 5ft. 7 1/2 in.; Smith, Alberta; Guest, Sask.

Girls' javelin throw—Thorlakson, Man., 98ft. 7in.; Kopta, Alberta; McKenzie, Sask.

Men's 440 yards—Wright, Alberta, 1:38.

WOMEN'S INDIVIDUAL CHAMPION



ETHEL BARNETT

It is not often that The Gateway runs a cut of one person in two immediately successive issues. But then it is not often that one person so rapidly repeats her right to distinction as Ethel Barnett has by following her establishment as Women's Individual Champion in the Inter-faculty Track and Field Meet with the same honour in the Intercollegiate Meet.

53 2-5; Maguire, Sask.; McCallum, Sask.

Men's javelin throw—McLeod, Alberta, 154ft. 11in.; Gratas, Sask.; Bigg, Sask.

Girls' high jump—Barnett, Alberta, 4ft. 7in.; Fry, Alberta; Black, Man.

Men's 220 low hurdles—Werthenbach, Alberta, 27 1-5; Wright, Alberta; Lawson, Man.

Men's hammer throw—Gratas, Sask., 118ft. 2in.; Festad, Man.; Stewart, Sask.

Men's pole vault—Creasy and Gerry, Man. (tied), 10ft. 2in.; Lyons, Alberta.

Girls' baseball throw—Kopta, Alberta, 181ft. 4in.; McKenzie, Sask.; Calhoun, Alberta.

Men's relay—Saskatchewan, Alberta, Manitoba (disqualified); time, 1:38.

SOCCER TEAM WINS FROM GAINERS 4-0

Varsity Eleven Played Best Game of Season to Win Saturday

Varsity gained a decisive victory over Gainer's on Saturday last, the score being 4-nil.

Facing the sun, Varsity opened the play with vigor, and in the first ten minutes of play Bainbridge took a long forward pass from Cameron and put it under the cross-bar.

For the rest of the first half Varsity's defence was kept very busy by Gainer's tricky forwards, but they were able to keep them out, making up with bustle what they may have lacked in experience.

Early in the second half, Howells added to the score from a mix-up around Gainer's goal.

The third goal was scored by Howells when the whole forward line showed a great improvement in their combination; number four was put in by Gaudin from a splendid pass from Howells.

The Varsity team exhibited a remarkable improvement in the splendid combination of the forwards and

in the strong and accurate kicking of the defenders.

Gainers were unfortunate in having to play several substitutes, but with men like Turney, Francis and Graham our boys had their work cut out to make a win.

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Win for Saskatchewan Will Cinch Intercollegiate Trophy—Varsity Team Recovering From Injuries

Hopes are running high among the supporters of Varsity that the home boys will take the University of Saskatchewan team into camp next Saturday when they clash here.

When the Green and Gold squad, crippled as it was, showed itself capable of holding the much-heralded Calgary Tigers to a 10-8 score, it proved that it is a real team.

Tough breaks and slack refereeing went against the boys at Saskatoon. When they play here on Saturday there will at least be an improvement in the refereeing. The game itself must decide how the breaks go, but all Varsity wants is an even break to be confident of victory.

If no one further is injured, the team will certainly be in better condition than it was at Calgary.

If Varsity does not take this game she cannot overtake Saskatchewan in the race for the intercollegiate championship, so the team will be out to win, and it will take plenty of opposition to stop them. On the other side of the picture, Saskatchewan

needs just one more win, and also their team has the confidence of two victories behind it, so they are going to put up a stiff fight. All in all, it should be the kind of game that brings the fans out in crowds in any kind of weather.

Varsity's forward passing game showed a distinct improvement at Calgary to what it was in the game with the Eskimos, and it may prove a big factor in the Saskatchewan game.

It is quite evident that the Alberta team has not yet hit its stride and produced as fine a brand of rugby as it is capable of doing, and its supporters are only hoping that it will find itself on Saturday and become once more the invincible machine that it was last year. With so many of last year's lineup on the team, there is no reason why it should not.

The men trying out for the team for the first time are being gradually sifted out, and the remaining ones are beginning to work more smoothly with the rest of the team.

Green and Gold Grid Squad Holds Calgary Tigers To 10-8

Game Undecided Until Final Whistle—Green and Gold Began to Show Championship Calibre of Last Year Though Handicapped by Injuries

On Saturday last at Calgary the University of Alberta grid squad came perilously close to topping the much-touted Tigers. It was anybody's game up till the final whistle.

The Green and Gold team was minus several of its regulars, who were out of the game owing to injuries. Had the lineup been of its full strength, it is hard to tell which way the result might have been. As it was, the Varsity boys gave the Tigers the hardest fight they have had this season, and played the best rugby they have shown this year.

Hess played his usual stellar game for Varsity, outkicking the Calgary halves consistently, and reeling off yards with broken-field running. Shandro performed up to his usual standard, always dangerous and in the game every minute on the field.

The lucky breaks were about evenly divided, each team scoring its touchdown on a fumble. Calgary's touch on a second quarter started on a pass from Sieberling, which was intercepted, but fumbled, allowing Gideon to recover the ball for the Tigers on Varsity's five-yard line. Johnny Thompson carried the ball across on the next play. Varsity's touchdown in the fourth quarter came after a fumble of Hess' kick, which

ended in Edmonton recovering the ball on Calgary's three-yard line. Fenerty scored the try.

Lineups

Varsity—Hall, Creighton, Foster, Barnett, Menzies, Hunter, Prior, Hayes, Hess, Shandro, McCallum, Pullishy.

Varsity subs—Gale, Stewart, Burke, Ramelson, Strong, Worth, Fenerty, Kelz, and Wilson.

Tigers—McDonald, Nisbet, Yorks, J. Thompson, Ferguson, Losie, Gideon, McKinnon, MacKenzie, Billings, Sieberling, and McLeod.

Tiger subs—McLaren, Brown, Hall, Waines, McCallum, McNeill, Johnston and Roberts.

Referee—W. L. Ross, Calgary. Judge of play—Bill Broadfoot, Edmonton. Head linesman—Frank Woodman, Calgary.

Summary

First quarter—Varsity, rouge, Barnett (1).

Second quarter—Tigers, try, Thompson (5); convert MacKenzie (1); kick to deadline Billings (1).

Third quarter—Tigers, touch-in-goal, MacKenzie (1).

Fourth quarter—Tigers, rouge, Gideon (1); Varsity, try, Fenerty (5); convert Hess (1); Tigers, rouge, Gideon (1).



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